

The Jacksonville Miner

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VIEWS of OTHER PEOPLE

The following article was
written by Henry Ashley of
the Amarillo, Texas, News
staff:

I LIKE THE DEPRESSION

I like the depression. No more
prosperity for me. I have had more
fun since the depression started
than I ever had in my life. I had
forgotten how to live, what it
meant to have real friends, what
it was like to eat common food
every day. Fact is I was getting
just a little high hat.

Then—And Now

Three years ago only one man
on the News-Globe organization
could be out of town at a time and
he had to leave at the last minute
and get back as soon as possible.
Many times I have driven a hun-
dred miles to a banquet, sat
through three hours of bunk in or-
der to make a five-minute speech,
then drive the hundred miles back
so as to be ready for work the
next morning.

Nowadays, as many News-Globe
employees as are invited make these
trips and we stay as long as we
want to. The whole outfit could
leave the office now and it would
not make any difference.

I like the depression. I have time
to visit my friends, to make new
ones. Two years ago when I went
to a neighboring town, I always
stayed at the hotel. Now I go home
with my friends and stay all night
and enjoy home cooking. I have
spent the week-end with some of
the boys who have been kind
enough to invite me.

Time—Neighbors—Clothes

It's just great to drop into a
store and feel that you can spend
an hour or two or three or a half
day just visiting and not feel that
you are wasting valuable time. I
like the depression.

I am getting acquainted with my
neighbors. In the last six months I
have become acquainted with folks
who have been living next door to
me for three years. I am following
the Biblical admonition, "love your
neighbors." One of my neighbors
has one of the best looking wives
I have ever seen. She is a dandy.
I am getting acquainted with my
neighbors and learning to love
them.

Three years ago I ordered my
clothes from a merchant tailor—
two and three suits at a time. All
my clothes were good ones. I was
always dressed up. But now, I
haven't bought a suit in two years.
I am mighty proud of my Sunday-
go-to-meeting clothes. When I
dress up, I am dressed up, and I
don't mean maybe. I like the de-
pression.

The Wife

Three years ago I was so busy
and my wife was so busy that we
didn't see much of each other, con-
sequently we sort of lost interest
in each other. I never went home
to lunch. About twice a week I
went home to dinner—at 6:30
o'clock. I never had time to go
anywhere with her. If I did go
on a party I could never locate
her; since there was always a
blond or a redhead available I did
not worry about it. My wife be-
longed to all the clubs in town. She
even joined the young mothers' club.
We don't have any children,
but she was studying—and be-
tween playing bridge and going to
clubs, she was never at home. We
got stuck up and hi-falutin. We
even took down the old family bed
and bought a set of twin beds on
the installment plan. When I would
come home at night, if my wife
was at home, she would already be
in bed, and I would crawl in mine.
If I came in first, it was vice versa.

Beds and Clubs

We like the depression. We have
come down off of our pedestal and
are really living at my house now.
The twin beds are stored in the
garage and the old family affair
is now being used. We are enjoy-
ing life. Instead of taking a hot
water bottle to bed these cold
nights, she sticks her heels in my
back, just like she did before Hoo-
ver was elected.

I haven't been out on a party in
18 months. I have lost my book of

THEY HAVE HAD THEIR WAY— BUT WHERE IS PROSPERITY?

Against the advice of the president of the United States—
against the advice of many economists—against the utmost
urging of organized labor the great nonunion industrial cor-
porations have time and again cut wages. Then came reduced
prices to entice buying by people who had no money with
which to buy. Following failure to entice the buying—more
wage cuts and lower prices. Then, of course, less buying and
less profits for the seller. Again wage cuts to supply money
for dividends not payable because of drop in profits. Always
and forever the toboggan for wages and profits without regard
for what awaits the toboggan at the bottom of the hill.

The excuse for cutting wages was alleged to be necessity.
Necessity for what? To pay dividends to the stockholders who
contribute no personal service to the success of the business?
To assure stability to industry? To bring back prosperity?
Well, how about it?

A few dividends are being paid—some on watered stock and
blue sky. Many more dividends are being passed. The wage-
cutting policy has failed in producing the anticipated result.

The supposed stabilizing influence of wage cutting has also
failed to materialize. Business in general is more unstable than
when the wage cutting started.

The alleged influence of the wage-cutting policy in bringing
back prosperity is still alleged by the wage cutters in the face
of the most miserable failure of the policy. What are they
talking about when they refer to prosperity—and for whom?
Even if they mean prosperity for the stockholders only they
are greatly in error.

In the so-called prosperous years (for profits and dividends)
labor has never received more than a living wage. It was al-
ways spent. Working people only save money for a larger pur-
chase, if they save at all. More often they mortgage even their
future earning power to get some of the comforts and con-
veniences of modern civilization which labor creates.

What is called "the depression" is in reality either the com-
plete and abject failure of alleged brains in high places in the
industrial and financial world or else the most gigantic con-
spiracy to enslave the working people that was ever conceived.

Starvation wages, charity (fast growing weaker), despair
through loss of job and home, loss of hope for the future at
seeing the results of years of labor disappear through fore-
closure and garnishee, decrease in the standard of living (never
high enough) and business constantly getting worse instead
of better is the record of those in control of our industrial
system.

If the leaders of organized labor had been in public office
during the establishment of that disgraceful record the avenues
of publicity would have been clogged with propaganda showing
utter failure. As it is the employing interests are all so sym-
pathetic with each other that nobody is to blame. We must
endure it as a plague from an unknown source and hope for a
better day if we are to believe the average run of stuff printed
today.

In the past 20 years the public debt of states and minor po-
litical subdivisions is said to have increased fourfold. The
money necessary to pay the interest and principal on that in-
debtedness must be raised by taxes. The bonds were issued
when money was plentiful (to loan) and prices high. The in-
terest and principal will be paid with dollars hard to collect
and worth more than the dollar spent for public improvements.
By manipulating prices the powers that be double and treble
their profits. They also further concentrate the real wealth
of the country in the hands of the fewer and fewer people
through foreclosures on homes and farms.

When the truth dawns on the people of the country they
will take charge of the political machinery of both parties, elect
men to office pledged to a platform of amending the consti-
tution of the United States so as to permit congress to control
industry and agriculture in the interests of the people and
eliminate the domination of the shysters now taking not only
their pound of flesh but getting ready to pick the bones clean.
—The Typographical Journal.

telephone numbers. My wife has
dropped all the clubs. I believe we
are falling in love all over again.
I am pretty well satisfied with my
wife. Think I will keep her, at least
until she is 40, then if I feel like
I do now, I may trade her for two
twenties.

I am feeling better since the
depression. I take more exercise, I
walk to town and a lot of folks who
used to drive Cadillacs are walking
with me. I like the depression. My
digestion is better. I haven't been
to see a doctor in a year. I can eat
anything I want to.

Food—And Food

I am getting real honest to good-
ness food. Three years ago we had
filet mignon once a week, now we
have round steak with flour gravy.
Then, we had roast breast of
guinea hen, now we are glad to get
sow bosom with the buttons on it.

I like the depression. My salary
has been cut to where I can't af-
ford to buy lettuce and spinach
and parsley and we can't afford to
have sandwiches and frozen des-
serts and all that damfoolishness
which has killed more men than
the World war.

I like the depression. Three
years ago I never had time to go
to church. I played golf all day
Sunday and besides I was so
darned smart that there wasn't a
preacher in West Texas who could
tell me anything.

Now I am going to church regu-
larly, never miss a Sunday. And if
this depression keeps on, I will be
going to prayer meeting before
long.

I like the depression.

● Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer visited
at the home of Mrs. Martin Stev-
ens at Medford recently. Mrs.
Kleinhammer's daughter, Mrs. Mer-
riam Worthington, and her hus-
band have returned to San Fran-
cisco to make their home, having
lived at Reno for the last month.
Mr. Worthington is working with
the National Broadcasting com-
pany, being a member of Meridith
Wilson's popular new orchestra.

● Enjoying a Sunday afternoon
ride to the Lithia city, Emil and
Molly Britt and Dr. S. J. Robinson
of Jacksonville fearlessly ap-
proached a new swimming pool in
that city. Although a raw wind was
blowing, clouds dotted the sky and
water in the twin plunges was
colder than usual, the trio remain-
ed perfectly comfortable and shiv-
ered not a bit—they didn't go in.
Absence of a hickory limb might
have had some bearing on the de-
cision.

● Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Haskins
of Pekin, Ill., visited Mrs. Lilla
Haskins at Ruth Saturday. The
easterners arrived in Medford late
last week, and have rented a home
there, expecting to remain this
summer. Mrs. Haskins has a posi-
tion teaching in a school in Illinois,
although she and her husband are
considering remaining in Medford
this year. Newt Haskins of Applegate
also is remaining at the new
home of his son.

● Walter Anderson, Lewis Apple-
baker and Wayne Combest, along
with other local youths, have not

been out eating worms, but they
state they might as well have been
from the appetites they haven't
enjoyed all week. The boys have
been busy picking the juicy army
worm from local garden and truck
patches. Worms will be worms, and
how, declare the pluckers, who
aver the little green morsels multi-
ply like nothing ever accomplish-
ed in the local classrooms.

READER'S PLEA

The wood cut on the front page
of The Miner of June 24 is a work
of art. (Picture of circle of bathing
girls.) Artistic work of this sort
would bring the most sluggish male
quartet to life singing

Four and twenty blackbirds
A baking in the pie—
When the pie begins to open
The birds begin to sing, etc.
More wood cuts, please.
—Whisker Bill.

● Completing a week's stay in
Jacksonville caring for the Cash
store, Mrs. Alfred Norris and two
daughters, Mattie and Emily, re-
turned to the family's new Tule
Lake ranch of 74 acres which is
being homesteaded. Alfred Norris
and daughter Anna, having fin-
ished a week in the California de-
velopment, are here since Satur-
day and expect to continue the
weekly custom of reuniting the
family on week-ends. Two new rail-
roads skirt the northern California
homestead, which is planted to
barley, and a good future is ex-
pected in the newly opened terri-
tory.

● Jim Littell junior, father of five
little Littells, has ceased hauling
of logs from Antelope country to
Medford pending completion of
truck repairs, including installation
of a new clutch, which is expected
some time this week. Sunday Jim
suffered the removal of tonsils and
adenoids from five little throats at
the hands of Dr. Harold B. Gillis
and his able assistant, Mrs. Gillis.
The children took ether and are
reported as eating cherries the
following day, which would indi-
cate rapid recovery from the minor
operations. Ceremonies were start-
ed on the youngest and went
through with neither a hitch nor a
whimper to the oldest boy, Buddy,
who suffered a broken leg while at
play, has completely recovered
from that inconvenience.

● W. H. Scholer and Harry Whit-
ney, mining on the Kenney prop-
erty here, have completed drift
northward perhaps 25 feet and are
continuing in earnest the search
for gold. Monday Scholer picked
up a nugget valued at \$1.50 in the
tunnel and states that at one time
they dug into a real little pay
streak but, like prosperity, riches
from mining still remain around
the corner. Whitney, formerly iden-
tified with the philanthropic Goose
Egg venture, is an experienced
backyard miner while Scholer, a
resident of southern Oregon for
more than 20 years, is mining for
his first time in Jacksonville. The
latter had been employed in the
various lumber camps of this sec-
tion but, since the advent of low
wages and little work, has found
that, meagre as returns may be,
backyard mining in this city equals
in remuneration logging activities
and is much less of a man-killing
occupation. The pair has been av-
eraging "beans" from the digging,
and as they added, "that's some-
thin'."

KING COTTON PLAYERS PAUSE AT MEDFORD

Ben Benjamin's King Cotton or-
chestra is in Medford again for the
summer months at Dreamland hall,

where they will play every Wed-
nesday and Saturday nights from
9 to 12 p. m.

Ben Benjamin's famous orches-
tra originated at the King Cotton
hotel, Greensboro, N. C., where
it made an enviable reputation. The
group left that city for a tour of
college and theater engagements
with the west coast as their objec-
tive. Mr. Benjamin wishes to thank
the public for its wonderful sup-
port in the past and hopes to greet
his many friends at Dreamland
hall this season.

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